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HER NEW FAVORITES.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppeler & Schwarzmann.

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 19th, 1889. - No. 641.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

RICH MEN, in spite of what the socialists and anarchists would have us believe, are, under proper social and political conditions, rather a blessing than a curse to the community. They are the financial mainstay of the government in time of war; in peace they encourage the arts and the higher handicrafts, and they keep money in circulation in a way that is especially convenient to many trades and professions. A man who has a five-hundred-thousand-dollar house built does not, perhaps, give employment to so many men as would be employed by five hundred different builders of one-thousand-dollar houses; but he stimulates all the building, house-fitting and decorating trades by giving them larger profits, and by putting his money in more quickly, and in larger sums. Thus, indirectly, he may benefit more men, and the benefit is lasting. And there are a good many other ways in which a rich man is peculiarly useful to the community. He has been found to be a handy thing to have around, on more than one occasion.

Even when he goes a-fishing, he is not utterly useless. For instance, in this very state, he has done more to preserve the Adirondack Forests, and to keep up the average of the rainfall, than any other citizen. Of course, he has no higher motive than to preserve the forests for his own fishing; but certainly that is not a bad motive. There is no harm in fishing — no sin in even a rich man's fishing. But while we are willing to maintain this proposition, which may appear somewhat bold in an age which takes the Socialist uncommonly seriously, we must admit that in its practical application it is subject to a question of conditions. A man may be wrongfully rich, and may go fishing in an iniquitous manner. These are facts which we must not lose sight of, however anxious we may be to assert as an abstract principle the right of the human being to accumulate double-eagles and cast flies for trout.

The great dam disaster at Johnstown points the moral attached to one of these facts with painful force and directness. The rich men — we call them rich for purposes of argument; as a matter of fact, it seems they were rich only in the sense of being able to spend jointly a few thousand dollars for their annual pleasures — the rich men who built and maintained the dam got their fishing at the cost of other men's safety. Perhaps they can not be held legally responsible for the damage they have caused. Certainly, as we said last week, every citizen of the Conemaugh Valley should have felt it his individual duty to fight tooth and nail against their monstrous invasion of the public right to the safe enjoyment of life and property. But wherever the real burden of responsibility may lie in this sad affair, every man of that fishing-club must feel that he is not guiltless — that his right to make the most of his money, and to catch fish for his own pleasure carried with it no right to endanger the lives and fortunes of his neighbors.

The reader may remark that this is a self-evident truth. It is evident now; but it was not evident a month ago, and it was not evident in all the years that it has been open to discussion. It took the bursting of the dam to make it evident — even to the intelligent, practical, educated men who had built up great and flourishing towns right under the leaking wall of that lake of death. Let us not despise the humble logic of common-sense. It may be tedious; but it is useful. We are willing to accept one proposition as proved, in this instance. May we not save ourselves from another costly demonstration by applying the same proposition in other instances, and by reasoning out kindred propositions by simple analogy?

Is it safe for a nation to dam up its total industrial product by law, shutting out the buyers of all the rest of the world? Is it safe for a nation to sacrifice its whole carrying trade, to prohibit its citizens from buying ships and then to put a prohibitive tax on ship-building materials, so that they can not build for themselves? Is it safe to suspend the wholesome laws of free competition and to encourage monopolies and combinations to fix and raise prices? Is it safe to allow a few men to grow rich by these means, when the increase in their wealth must come directly out of the pockets of all their fellow-citizens? If these things are safe, then it is safe to let fishing clubs build mud dams where and in whatever manner they please — and those who protest are idle theorists and alarmists.

The pathetic letter which we print below was received last week, and we hasten to ease the gallant Corporal's mind by showing the public just how much injustice we did to his manly beauty. But we must remind Corporal Tanner that we can not show proofs of our caricatures, (as the photographers can of theirs,) and that we can not always induce our subjects to assume a pleasant expression. However, let the Corporal be easy. If he runs his office on business principles and disburses the public money with strict justice and honesty, his face will shine with the light of conscious rectitude, and Puck will portray him in all his pulchritudinous glory.



Corporal Tanner as we drew him.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
BUREAU OF PENSIONS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3d, 1889.
Office of the Commissioner.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK — Sir:

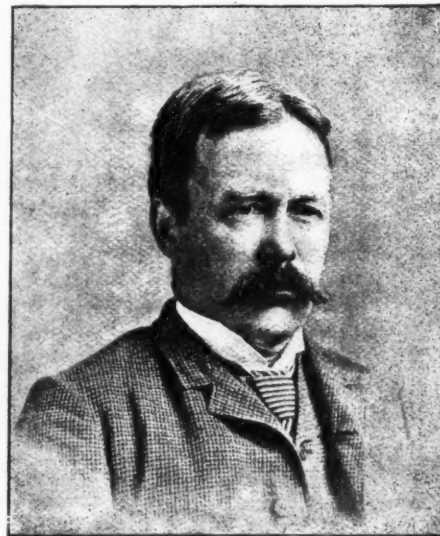
I am debtor to PUCK for many a happy hour, beginning with its initial number; and it is the deep consciousness I feel of indebtedness which restrains me from bringing a libel suit against your publishing company.

You have most wickedly spread before the great public a portrait of Jack the Ripper, as nigh as I can judge, which you would fain have the people believe is a counterfeit presentment of myself. Any intelligent jury would, if I brought suit, give me damages in such an amount as would necessarily bankrupt your publication, and therefore deprive me in the future of the pleasure which I have enjoyed in the past in scanning your pictures and reading your bright utterances.

And so, I refrain; and, in order that a deep consciousness of the enormity of your offence may seize upon your soul, I enclose herein a reliable photograph. PUCK, go; and sin no more.

Very truly yours,

JAMES TANNER.



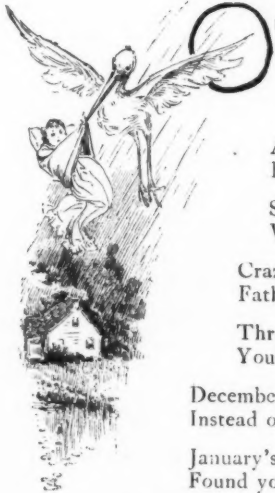
Corporal Tanner as his photograph represents him.



PARIS AND VENUS.

ETTA.—Lottie, Mama ordered a bathing suit from Paris, and it has just arrived. Come around and see it.
 LOTTIE.—Well, if it is any thing like the one you had at the Pier last season, there is n't much to see!

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.



IN A RAINY DAY in June,
 You were born, you little loon.

You did nothing else but cry
 Through the hot month of July.

August brought no fun nor frolic,
 For all through it you had colic.

September nearly saw you off
 With a fit of whooping-cough.

Crazed with watchings in October,
 Father seldom came home sober.

Through November, dull and dreary,
 You contrived to make us weary.

December brought no Christmas joys,
 Instead of peace 't was noise, more noise.

January's ice and thaw
 Found you yelling maw and maw.

February being short,
 We were n't bored as much, I thort.

March came in with noisy whoop,
 Then, of course, you had the croup.

April came with fitful shower,
 How your lungs increased in power!

May was worse than any yet,
 Cutting teeth had made you fret.

Now you've come to June once more,
 And although you've vexed us sore,
 Still on this, your natal day,
 I drink your health, and hope you'll stay.

Chas. B. Loomis.

THE REAL BOY-ARISTOCRAT.

MR. GROUTY (*in Park*).—I am surprised, sir, that you allow that boy to speak so impudently.

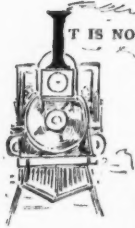
GREAT MAN'S SERVANT.—This is n't my boy, sir; it's my young master. If he were one of my children, I'd give him a good hiding.



JUST BEFORE THE SPRINTING START.

MR. HANDICAPPE.—Whad 's dem rosettes on yo' heels?
 MR. GETTETHAR.—Chick'n wings. I seen a picture ob a feller name Ajacks, 'r Quicksilver, 'r sump'n like dat, 'n' dey say he nebber lost a race. Luff her go, Mist'r Startah!

The R. R. Laureate.



IT IS NOW BECOMING the correct thing for every railroad to issue a resort book. And this is just the time that it is given to the world. It is reasonable to suppose that every railroad now has a laureate, just as it has a president. But the poet that writes these books, descriptive of picturesque and romantic land and waterscapes, should be more original. When he does a bit of seashore, he alludes to the "sad sea waves," and tells you "there is a rapture on the lonely shore," and speaks of things being "sea-girt," and occasionally works in a little of Falconer, with which the ordinary reader is not familiar.

When he touches on the mountains, he informs us that "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods," which are called the "forest primeval," where the foot of man has never been; and the old trees are "green-robed senators" that furnish just the kind of breezes to fan the fevered brow of the toilers of the town.

If the railroad laureate can not perform successfully, without working in all the stock quotations on the subject, he might do well to imitate his masters, instead of stealing from them. Something like this, for instance:

BABYLON, L. I.

(After Tennyson.)

'T is seldom that a lovelier little place
Than Babylon upon the Island 's found;

The stages at the station always wait

To hear new guests unto the good hotels,
For which old Babylon is justly famed.
The rates are very reasonable, such
As seven to fifteen dollars by the week.
'T is but three miles unto the raging sea,
Whose shore 's about the safest bathing-place
To which the weary wanderer may go.
Old Babylon 's a quaint, old-fashioned town,
Full of quaint people by the name of Smith,
That make the stranger welcome. Grand old trees
Hang over dwellings, principally white,
And he that has an idle week to spare
Can find no better place than Babylon.

Then the railroad laureate might improve his usual humdrum rignamole by doing the Adirondacks, as follows:

BUCKSKIN COTTAGE.

(After Byron.)

Lo! where the mountains lift their mighty heads,
And placid lakes lie in their silver sleep,
The Buckskin Cottage gives you downy beds
Which throw you into slumber sweet and deep;
And there you lie curled in a dreamy heap
Until you 're wakened by the morning breeze
That softly wanders down the rugged steep;
And there you find beneath the grand old trees,
The mercury all day tells seventy degrees.

This is the wildest and most lovely spot
Where man can find from throat disease release;
Where emerald islands crystal lakelets dot
A panoramic nest of joy and peace,

Where guides will not you of your shekels fleece;
The table 's good, the portions generous;
Here care takes flight and earthly troubles cease.
Here not o'er dress you have to make a fuss —
Just wear a flannel shirt, and do not care a cuss.

Otsego Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, full of beautiful Indian legends. Of course, the railroad laureate would know which poet to go to for assistance in painting such a lovely picture to inveigle the lover of Nature into one of her sweet sequestered haunts. So it would simply be:

COOPERSTOWN.

(After Longfellow.)

Where the lakelet of Otsego
Lies, a lovely dream in crystal,
Only rippled when the lily
Dips into its silent bosom,
Stands the pretty town located
On the ground where J. F. Cooper
Laid the tales of Leatherstocking.
Not upon our winding, lovely,
Picturesque, romantic railroad
Is a better place to stop at.

Look at Mrs. Wilson's Cottage!
Look at Waldron's Woodchuck Villa!
Ten to seventeen, according
To location, children half-price.
Here you get fresh eggs and butter;
Here 's the place for fishing, boating;
Here 's the place for spreading shade trees,
And the tourist can no better
Do than sample old Otsego.

This, it will be seen, will be better than the stereotyped tale to be found to-day in any and all books issued by railroads for the Summer.

We will give the laureate one more example, this time taking the acknowledged king poet of rural life and pastoral stupidity:

MRS. MILLER'S FARM.

(After Wordsworth.)

I.
Oh, go to Mrs. Miller's farm,
Great elms are its adorners!
And there you will be out of harm,
Two miles from Hedgehog Corners.

II.
You there may sit 'neath shady boughs,
Amid the snowy clover,
While Mrs. Miller milks the cows
That kick the tin pail over.

III.
'T is sweet within the peaceful vale,
O'er Nature's charms to wonder,
And see the gray horse switch his tail
And cast the flies asunder.

IV.
Her table 's of the proper sort,
She gives you milk and poultry;
Her boarders gaily hold the fort
As Moultrie held Fort Moultrie.

V.
As Mrs. Miller's husband died
Last year of six disorders,
She had to pocket all her pride
And go to taking boarders.

VI.
But now through life she gaily jogs,
Her farm has been refitted;
Big discounts for the season — dogs
And children not admitted.

It will not be necessary to give any more samples. We trust that from these the railroad laureate may take fresh courage, and give us something more worthy of himself and his audience next year.

R. K. M.

CHARACTERISTICS.

MR. GOTHAM (on train).—What do you think the principal causes of the unique position which Chicago now occupies among western cities?

MR. IPPEY (from St. Louis).—Detectives, and the men they can't catch.

WHY DON'T the people who want everything shut up on Sunday, start the performance by shutting up — themselves?

IF COLONEL SHEPARD of the *Mail and Express* could have his way, the Solar System would have to apply the air-brakes and come to a full stop on Sundays.



A COMMERCIAL PARADOX.

CUSTOMER. — Say, Rothstein, who 's that man doing all that yelling and screaming and swearing at the clerks in the rear of the store?

ROTHSTEIN. — Oh, dot vos Rosenberg, der silent pardner.

A LETTER FROM YALE.

NEW HAVEN, June 17th, 1889.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have received your letter asking me to tell you just how I am fixed in my room, and what I want to make me comfortable. I don't think of any thing I want except an ice-pitcher. I am drinking ice-water the first thing in the morning now, which the physicians recommend as very wholesome. As I am not much of a hand at description, I can not do better than to enclose you a photograph which my chum took of me and the room the other day while I was resting between recitations. Recitations continue until very late in the evening now, so he had to take it with a flash light. You will see that the clock says 20 minutes past one; but my chum forgot to wind it. I shall have to explain some things about the picture, for it is made with a patent camera, and the perspective is not right unless you stand five hundred feet off. The feet in the chair are mine; but you will see by comparing them with the cuspidor that they are exaggerated. The rest of me is the face back by the second window. I do not know what the things that look like shirt-sleeves are, but think they are the window-curtains. Our room is not ninety feet long, nor is one end smaller than the other, though it looks so in the photograph. The thing standing by my side on the table with a handle on one side of it is a German inkstand which my tutor gave me. He bought it in Budweis. It

has a pewter cover on it, and keeps the ink very fresh. The dog on the rug is a pug. It is only the perspective that makes him look like a bulldog. I would have put him at the other end of the room, only he would have looked like a paper-weight, and you might have thought I was careless, leaving paper-weights on the floor. The white mark on the left-hand side of the picture that hides the door is a friend of mine's ear. He came in just as my chum was pulling the string, and tried to look into the camera. Otherwise this is a very good picture of our room and myself. I called on the President the other day. He sent word by one of the Professors and invited me. I suppose he is as sociable as he has time to be. He said if I was able to keep on just as I had begun, he thought he would give me a special vacation all to myself before the end of the term. So I shall probably see you soon, and will tell you all about myself. I am sorry to hear that Brother Willy has the measles, and hope he will soon be better. I would not like to have any thing happen to him so that he could not enjoy the benefits of a college education. With much love to Father, I am your affectionate son,

R. Thayer.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK — Sir:

During the last Presidential campaign I read Puck attentively, and I greatly admired your straight-forward, manly conduct all through the heated canvass. In the light of recent events, however, I am constrained to say that you made one serious mistake. You did not make the hat large enough.

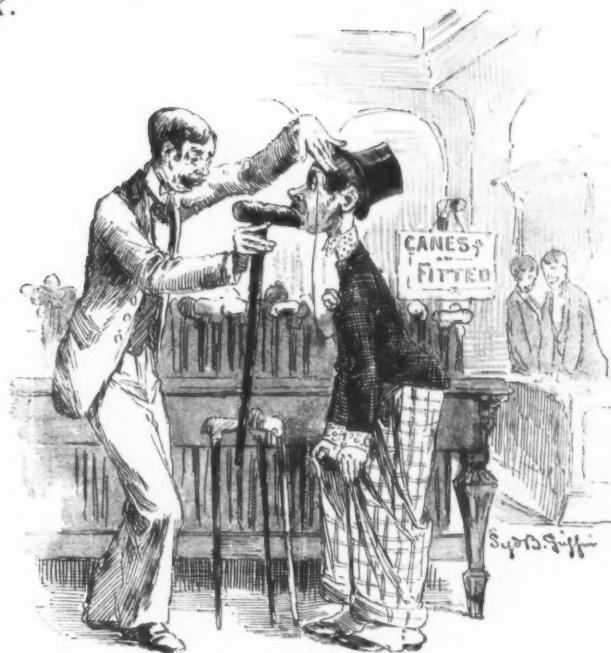
Observer.

A CERTAIN OLD GENTLEMAN was accustomed to eat more than he needed, so that "nothing should go to waste." This might be a good scheme for solving the Surplus Problem.

THE AMERICAN IRISH QUESTION may not be quite as big as the European Irish question, but it is growing every day, and great things are expected of it.

A PARTIAL ECLIPSE.

FLIBBERTS (coming home from meeting of the Friendly Brothers).—"I cou'sh I've sheen man-in-'r moon 'fore; but blesht 'f I ever see him look sho kinder 'f'miliar!"



A LARGE SIZE.

CLERK.—You can't make any mistake in buying that cane, sir — it fits you beautifully!

EASILY UNDERSTOOD.

MR. DE BROKER (at Monte Carlo).—I can not understand how this establishment keeps running. Do you not often lose heavily?

INTELLIGENT EMPLOYEE.—Ah, non, m'sseer. Zee eestablishmong have eets commission all time, no matter how zee game go.

MR. DE BROKER.—Ah, now I see! It's just like the brokerage business.

A POEM OF PLACES.

CAPE MAY, Ha Ha Bay,
Navesink Highlands, Thousand Islands,
Memphremagog, Patchogue, Quogue,
Mahopac, Mackinac,
Bay Shore, Appledore,
Valley Forge, Lake George,
Coast of Maine, Lake Champlain,
Catskills, Berkshire Hills,
Mauch Chunk, Kennebunk,
Manhasset, Narragansett,
Campobello, Monticello,
Cohasset, Pemigewasset,
Penn Yan, Isle of Man,
Jericho, Pocono—
Where this Summer shall we go?

R. K. M.

A FAST TRAIN — George Francis.

NOW THAT we are having evictions in Oklahoma, would n't it be a graceful thing for the people of Ireland to raise a Defense Fund for the "Squatters?"

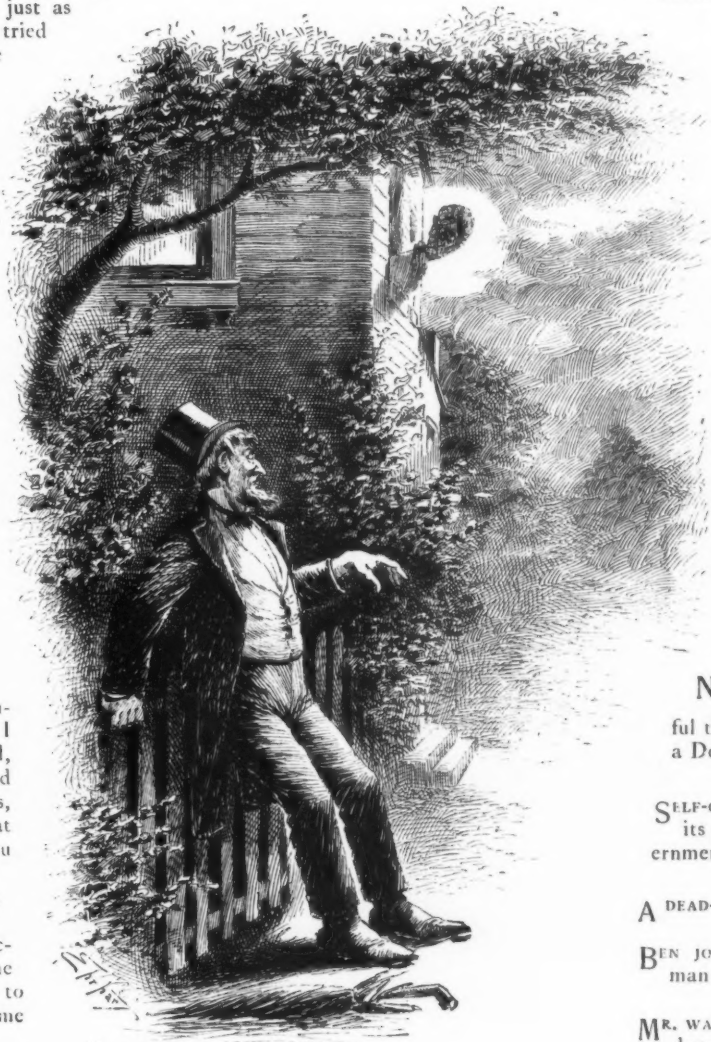
SELF-GOVERNMENT in a republic which opens its gates to all the world is not self-government, but self-sacrifice.

A DEAD-BEAT — The Philadelphia Policeman's.

BEN JONSON appears to be the first Englishman on record who dropped his h's.

MR. WANAMAKER is very busy himself; but he does n't intend to have his hands full.

A CERTAIN NOVEL is advertised as being just the thing to read in a hammock; but the man who tried it concluded that the hammock went better alone.



AN INTERESTING LETTER.



HUSBAND (at breakfast table).—Who's it from?

WIFE (reading letter).—Oh, George, it's a little girl!

HUSBAND.—Is it? I thought it was a letter.

WIFE.—And Annie is getting along splendidly—Oh, my! She weighed nine pounds and a half.

HUSBAND.—Nine and a half, eh! She weighed at least a hundred and forty when I saw her last, and she looked strong and healthy; does n't seem possible that she—

WIFE.—What were you saying, George?

HUSBAND.—The tea; you've forgotten to pour the tea.

WIFE (reading and groping around with one hand).—Oh, it's just too nice for any thing! Think of it: a dear, sweet, little girl; a little blue-eyed girl—

HUSBAND.—The tea-pot is just a trifle to the right of your hand—there, now you have it.

WIFE (laying down letter).—Well, you poor old fellow! you're not getting any breakfast. It's too bad—it's just splendid! I wonder who she looks like.

HUSBAND.—What's the matter with my own cup this morning?

WIFE.—Why, how stupid I am! There, now, I've got it right—how many lumps have I put in, George?

HUSBAND.—Four.

WIFE.—And you only want three. Won't it be too sweet, dear? They are going to call her Mildred, George. Mildred—Mildred—how do you like Mildred?

HUSBAND.—Never met the lady. The butter, please, dear.

WIFE.—I like it. I think it is an awfully pretty name. Edwin wanted to call her Lucy; but I think Mildred is ever so much prettier, don't you, George?

HUSBAND.—The butter, please, dear.

WIFE.—Oh, I just want to get hold of that Annie! Won't I hug her! But is n't it perfectly lovely?—that it's a little girl, I mean.

HUSBAND.—Much better than if it were a large girl, I think. The butter, please.

WIFE.—Butter? Why, have n't you had any butter all this time? Why did n't you ask for it, you goose? What could Mary have done

with the butter knife? It is n't on the table, is it? Have you seen any thing of the butter knife, George?

HUSBAND.—Hold! Keep your hand steady where it is; now close your fingers, and you have it.

WIFE.—I'm the goose, I should think! But what do you think of it, George? Why, I can't believe that Annie really has a little girl. How happy she will be! and how I long to see the little thing; don't you, George?

HUSBAND.—I do, indeed. Will you have a chop?

WIFE (absorbed in letter again).—Chop—chop—ch—ye-yes, if you please, George. I don't care if you do give—please; thanks. Seems to me if it was my own I could n't feel any happier than I do; could you, George?

GEORGE.—I hardly think I could; but I'd try. Will you pass me the cream, please, dear?

WIFE (handing him the vinegar).—I'm just going to sit right down and write Annie a letter—why, George, where are you going?

HUSBAND.—To the office. I shall be a little late, too, I'm afraid.

WIFE.—You poor old husband! You have n't had half a breakfast, and it's all my fault. I declare, it's too bad! I'm awfully sorry, George; but you'll forgive me this once, won't you dear? It is such happy news. Oh, that dear little girl!—Good-bye, George—come home early, won't you?

Morris Waite.



IN AT THE FINISH.

TOM BIGBEE.—Great Scott, man! I'm astounded to see a sensible fellow like you wasting time over a newspaper novelette!

MADISON SQUEER.—I'm not, Tom; this is the last instalment, and I'm saving several hours by reading the "Synopsis of Preceding Chapters."

A HOLIDAY FOR HER.

MRS. DEBIT.—I hear that your office is to be closed early on Saturdays during the Summer, John.

MR. DEBIT.—Yes, dear; and I'm jolly glad of it, too!

MRS. DEBIT.—Well, now, don't you think you'll have a chance now to balance up your books on Saturday afternoons, instead of keeping me worrying half the night?

PLENTY OF FISHING.

YOUNG WALTON (at Punk Lake, a new fishing resort).—See here, Mr. Wetthay, I've been fishing in your lake for six days, paid you fifteen dollars board, and have n't caught a thing.

MR. WETTHAY.—Wall, thet's because you don't use the right sort o' tackle. Them hooks and flies and things ain't no good. Just you get a piece of stout twine, put 'er on a pole, an' tie a leetle piece o' red flannel on the end o' the twine, instead of a hook. Then when they bite, just lift 'em out gently-like, an' quick as they land, cut their hind legs off.



ENTIRELY AT EASE.

ERNHEIMER.—I yoosd lefd dot seat i

MCSEENY.—Is thot so?

ERNHEIMER.—Y-a-a-s.

MCSEENY.—Ye wor a dom fool. It's as aisy as anny wan in th' car-r!

CURING A HUMORIST.

"THERE WAS a fat little man," said Mr. Baskingridge, "who used to bother us like fun down at Long Branch. There was a little gang of us, mostly men who lived up my way in Jersey, and we used to sit out on the beach, Sunday afternoons, in the shade of the bathing-houses, and swop fish-stories. Well, this fellow had met some of us, somewhere, and he used to drop in, free and easy, and take a hand in the conversation. That was all right, of course—we were n't so dead stuck on each other that we could n't welcome a white stranger when he loomed up.



"But, you see, somebody, some time or other, had told that fat idiot that he was naturally funny, and he'd never got over it.

I'll bet it was some woman who wanted to marry him—women have no conscience when they're hard up for husbands. At any rate, it had spoiled him for good and all.

"He'd come up and say 'Hot enough—?' and then he'd duck as if somebody was going to hit him. 'Fishing again?' he'd say, and make a face like a sick baby. 'Ought n't to fish on Sunday'—then he'd screw up his mug to look shocked—'awfully wicked!'—and then he'd twist his mouth down toward the right corner, and try to wink with his left eye.

"Well, that's the way he'd begin, and he'd sit down there and mug and mow and grimace every time any one looked at him. He could n't say 'yes' or 'no' or 'how d'ye do?' without doing some lightning act with his face. Ever seen those gutta percha faces the children squeeze between their fingers—bead eyes, you know, and a gash for the mouth? That was his style.

"Curious case? Not a bit of it. I know plenty of such idiots—so do you. Only we generally dodge them. But this man had us where we could n't get away.

"Bill Carver got us out of the fix, when he came down to spend his vacation. Bill dropped in on us one afternoon when the little cuss was in full blast. He was telling a fish-story of his own, and doing all the funny business his pancake of a face was capable of. Bill sized him up like a flash of lightning.

"Yes," says the little man, "Smithy said he wanted to fish—" and he made a face to show that Smithy was no good on fish—"he said he wanted to fish—"

"Hullo!" says Carver, breaking in, "epilepsy!"

"Eh?" says the little man.

"Epilepsy," says Carver, "you've got it."

"Nonsense," says the little fellow, though he looked a trifle pale; "I have n't a particle of epilepsy in my system."

"Oh," says Carver, "beg pardon. Thought I recognized the characteristic twist of the mouth. Used to be in the medical profession myself, and I take an interest in such matters. Did n't mean to interrupt you. Go on."

"The little man was a bit off the track, but he went at it again, and began to tell how Smithy got into the boat. The boat, he said, was n't exactly a three-decker frigate—

"Hold on!" Carver hollers out, "I was wrong. St. Vitus's Dance, or I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean, sir?" said the little man looking indignant.

"Mean?" says Carver, "I mean that you want to see a doctor pretty blame quick. If you have n't got St. Vitus's Dance, you'll have it, first thing you know. Bonesteel's the great specialist on St. Vitus's—you want to see Bonesteel."

"I have no occasion for a physician, and I have no St. Vitus's Dance, sir," said the little man, savagely, "and if you will allow me to proceed without interruption, I will continue."

"Then he took up Smithy again, and continued. It did n't appear from his narrative that there was any thing remarkable about Smithy's fishing. He did n't catch any fish; but that has been known to occur before. However, the little man put in the comedy with his face like an



PHILOSOPHICAL REASONING.

FARMER.—See here, stranger, ther' hain't no fish in this stream!
FISHERMAN (sadly).—It does n't make any difference; I would n't catch any if ther' was!

india-rubber Coquelin for two cents. All the while, Carver just sat and watched him, and never said a word till he got clean through and wound up with a sort of sick, sour-milk simper that fairly begged you to laugh at him.

"Locomotor Ataxia," says Carver: "I've got you down fine, now. My friend, I'm going to make you go to Bonesteel whether you like it or not. I'll save you in spite of yourself. You put yourself under Bonesteel for six months, and I'll bet dollars to doughnuts you'll be able to talk six hours on end without twitching your face once."

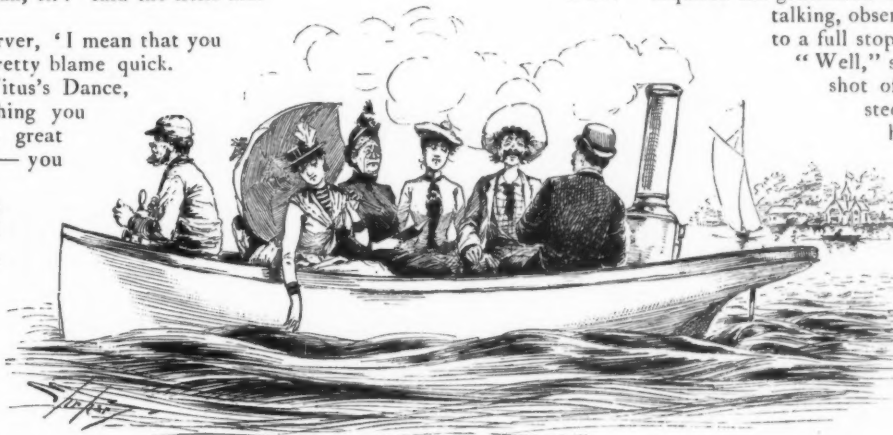
"The little man turned red in the face, got up and walked off. But Carver had n't begun to get through with him. He called on that man the next day, with a diagnosis of his case all written out, and talked Bonesteel to him for one mortal hour. It was no use for the poor devil to say that there was n't any thing the matter with him, and that he made faces on purpose.

"I understand," said Carver, kindly but firmly; "I see just how you feel. But it's no use trying to humbug about these things. Own up, and go to a doctor—that's the way to get cured. It's only a nervous affection—any man might have it. Try Bonesteel!"

"And that's the way Carver kept at him."

"Well?" inquired the gentleman to whom Mr. Baskingridge was talking, observing that Baskingridge had come to a full stop, "well, what then?"

"Well," said Mr. Baskingridge, "the upshot of it was that he *did* go to Bonesteel, and Bonesteel told him that he *was* going to have locomotor ataxia, for a fact, and he died that Fall. And we've never been able to decide whether he died from fright, or from locomotor ataxia, or from Carver, or just from natural causes."



ON A NAPHTHA LAUNCH.

COUSIN JACK (from Alameda).—When yer going to pass it 'round, Tommy?

COUSIN TOMMY.—Pass what around?

COUSIN JACK.—That whiskey. I ain't smelt any thing so good since I kep' th' Red Eye saloon in Santa Fé.

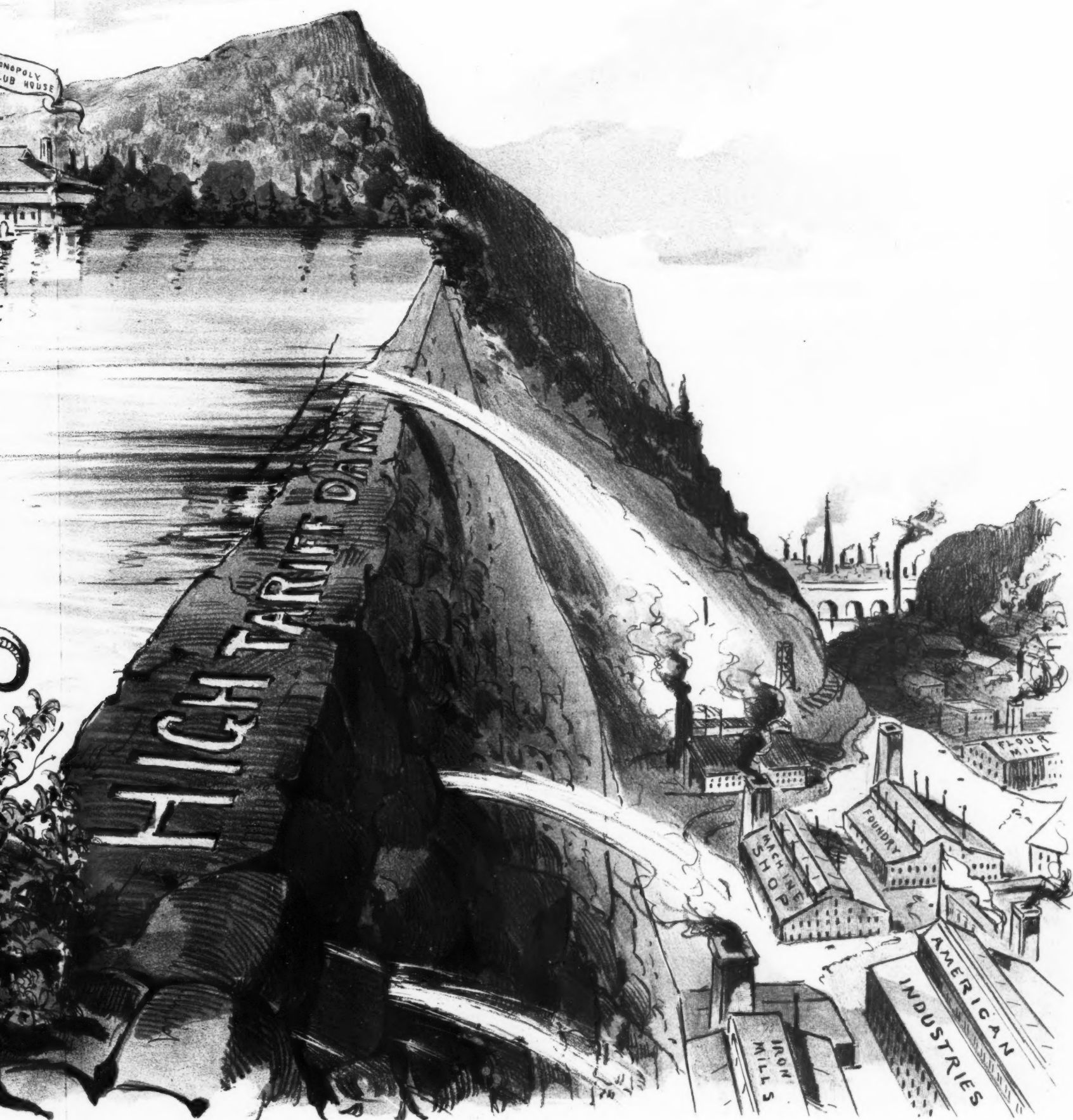
THE HUSBANDS of society leaders have one merit which their wives can not claim—they *try* to conceal their busts.

NEW YORK has seen many noble pageants lately; but Boston is the real place for spectacles.



THE REPUBLICAN MONOPOLY PLEASURE

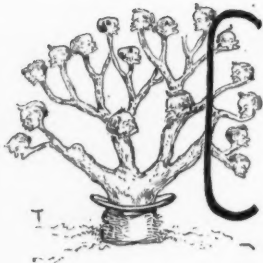
PUCK.



PLEASURE CLUB AND ITS DANGEROUS DAM.

THE PERPETUATION OF HARRISON.

HIS NURSE TO THE HEIR APPARENT — 1908.



COME HITHER, Russell Harrison, and sit upon my knee:
I'll tell you all your Grandpop did for his great big
familee;
And show you all the wondrous things a President
could do
Between the year of '89 and the year of '92.

The heelers thought they knew him; but it seems
they knew him not,
For he rang the death-knell on them when he first
appointed Scott —

His much-beloved Brother-in-law — the very first was he
Appointed to inaugurate the Harrison dynastee.

Short time was he in office ere a Saunders came along —
The first of all the Saunderses, one hundred thousand strong;
And then the good Mc Kees struck in — and when you strike Mc Kees,
They are thick about each office as the leaves about the trees.

And in the meantime Parker had been gently sliding in,
Despatched as Naval Envoy to the seaport of Berlin:
The duties he accomplished I am not prepared to state;
But he got his mileage eastward from the distant Golden Gate.

Did the politicians murmur? I am told they were not dumb;
But they did n't wholly realize the hurricane to come:
How the Saunderses and Harrisones, Mc Kees and also Scotts
Would knock their combinations into disconnected spots.

For they knew not the astuteness of your grandpaternal Ben —
He appointed politicians, and then yanked them out again;
And wherever one such vanished, in his place you soon would see
A Harrison, a Saunders, a Scott or a Mc Kee.

There were wails in Indiana: there was howling in New York;
The Deutsch-Amerikaners kicked, and the Yankees born in Cork;
The Pacific Slope rose up to give a wild belligerent shout;
But your Grandpop said: "I'll stand it while the family holds out!"

And did the family hold out? You bet your life it did,
Or you would not be playing here, you little White-House kid!
If every office had not found a Saunders at its door,
Your Pop would still teach Sunday-school where your Grandpop taught
before.

But before the next campaign came 'round — in the year of '92 —
He had all of them in office, excepting only you.
But do not pipe the flowing eye, nor pout in princely scorn —
It was not till 1900 that you graciously were born.

And the members of your family held every federal post —
From the highest to the lowest of that great and mighty host.
From Chief Justice down to Door-Man, in every place you'd see
A Saunders or a Harrison — if it was n't a Mc Kee.

The Custom Houses all were dealt unto the fecund Scotts;
Postmasters were the Saunderses, whereof there still are lots;
The Harrisones were Judges, and most any thing you please,
And whatever offices were left were dealt among Mc Kees.

And so it all was neatly fixed when the canvass was begun —
You did n't get your mail unless you'd vote for Harrison:
No goods went through the Custom House, no Judges tried a case
Until you learned 't was safe to back B. H. to take first place.

And the great American people, in eighteen-ninety-two,
They met the situation much as they always do:
They cussed the alien Briton, who to princes bows the knee,
And they voted to perpetuate the Harrison Dynastee.

So take your little velvet cap and your golden coronet;
We'll walk about the White House grounds before the gates are shet —
And we'll see the common people, going home when toil is done,
Throw up their hats and loudly shout: "Long live the Harrison!"



NOT AN EQUIVALENT.

AUCTIONEER. — How much for this racket?

JUDGE GUFFY (*absent-mindedly*). — Ten dollars or ten days.



BOWERY MUSIC.

MR. WRAGGS (*to lodging-house CLERK*). — See, here, Mister, I
can't sleep, because dat feller in der nex' room snores so awful!

CLERK. — Huh! Yer did n't expect to get a lullaby by der
Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra fer fifteen cents, did yer?

NOT USED TO IT.

MUSICIAN. — I saw you among the audience at the Oratorio of "The
Creation" the other evening.

EMINENT DIVINE. — Yes, I felt that it was my duty to go and hear it;
but it was dreadfully tiresome. Between the long drawn out recitatives,
the endless repetitions in the arias and choruses, the hard seats in the
hall, the necessity of remaining quiet all that time, and the cramped-up
position in which I had to sit, I was nearly dead by the time they got
through.

MUSICIAN. — You should sit among the congregation in a church for
a while, and get hardened.

WILLING TO TRY.

FOND MAMA. — Now, Freddie, I want you to be just such a boy as
Little Lord Fauntleroy. Do you think you can?

LITTLE FREDDIE. — I guess so, if I can find any bootblacks to race
with.

LOOKING OUT FOR RUSSELL.

"Why does Mr. Harrison appoint ex-Presidents' sons to first-class
foreign missions?"

"Perhaps he hopes the practice may extend to his successors."

NO TYRO ACCEPTED.

"You advertised for a nurse, Madam?"

"I did. What experience have you
had with dogs?"

RED GOLD.

Prince Charming drove up with his
milk-white steeds, the other day, to
take Miss Goldilocks out driving.

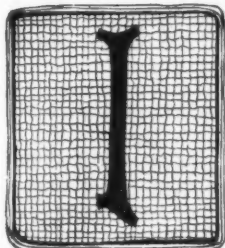
"Ready?" said he.

That's all.

Prince Charming now says that
Miss Goldilocks has too fiery a dis-
position, anyhow.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.



It was in August of the year 1910. Along the dusty street of a little country town in Massachusetts came a curious-looking procession. Four lean and spavined horses drew the rattling remains of a once handsome open barouche, on the rear seat of which were two boys of about ten, dressed in dusty velveteen suits and wide collars. From the front seat, a Newfoundland and a coach dog gazed about in dignified silence, as if even they had seen better days.

After the barouche came an express wagon, filled with a motley crowd of tired-looking men and women, upon whose unsheltered heads the hot Summer sun beat pitilessly.

"Gee, whiz, Jimmy," said a small boy in the street to his play-fellow, as the parade came into view; "here comes der circus, sure!"

But his companion, with the proud consciousness of his superior knowledge, replied: "That ain't de circus, Eddy; them's actors."

And even as he spoke, one of the men in the wagon threw out some small handbills, which read as follows:

WILL EXHIBIT

at

HAWKSBORO TOWN HALL,

For One Night Only,

Owing to Numerous Engagements Elsewhere:

SMITH'S GREAT DOUBLE

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY COMPANY.

Two Fauntleroys,

Two Mothers,

Two Dorincourts,

Two Grocerymen,

Two Bootblacks,

and the Pair of Fierce Mastiffs,

BANQUO AND MACBETH.

During the evening, the wonderful trick horses, Prince and Princess, will be introduced.

A WEALTH OF SCENERY,
including, in

Act I.—THE GROCERY STORE.

[Cedric On a Raisin-box.]

Act. II.—THE STEAMER ON THE ATLANTIC.

[Cedric On Deck.]

Act. III.—CASTLE DORINCOURT.

[Cedric On His Own Estates.]

Positively One Night Only.

Admission, 25 Cents.

Children, 10 Cents.

History had repeated itself, and Uncle Tom's Cabin had a rival.

C. N. Cogswell.

TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

ALDERMAN M'SHWIM.—Oi want ye t' lay boi an office fer me brother.

MAYOR GRANTALL.—I did not know you had any brothers in this country.

ALDERMAN M'SHWIM.—Oi 'ave not, but wan av thim is comin'.

SOME OF OUR Foreign Ministers will have a hard time to suppress the Editorial "We" in their dispatches.

A WARNING.

BUT yesterday he was as well
As you, sir; yet my story
Will cause no wonder when I tell
Just how he went to glory.

Last night, returning from the town,
He brought, wrapped up in paper,
A parcel; sought his room—sat down—
And burned all night a taper.

At ten this morning we unhasped
The lock—but all was over:
His soul had flown—his hands still grasped
A box of "Pigs in Clover."

TOY-DEALERS who want more Protection
should address the First Baby of the
Land, Washington, D. C.

MR. S. J. RANDALL advises the Democracy to
"Get Together." The Democracy was
obliged to "Get Altogether"—out of office—
recently, through the antics of the high-tariff
faction, which dubbed the great majority of the
party "extremists" and "doctrinaires." The
tail can wag the dog when it deliberately puts
itself into the mouth of another animal.



AN EXIGENCY OF FASHION.

Of course the wires had to come down.



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

TOMMY (from the roof).—Sorry to waste
the boot-jack; but we and the children must
have one night's rest!

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Oklahoma *Hollahooper* thus mirrors
Champion City's exclusive circles:

Miss Clara Kahoot, of Boomopolis, Kansas,
is visiting the family of Col. Hanks, in the red
wagon just across the creek. She 'lows to remain
several weeks.

The Rev. Mr. Buckskin left, Tuesday, for
Kansas, where he will visit the Judge of the
Second District, and other prominent officials.
He hopes to return soon, but the Sheriff of
Paw-Paw County, who accompanies him, reck-
oned that they would prove it on him. The
horse can't be found at this writing.

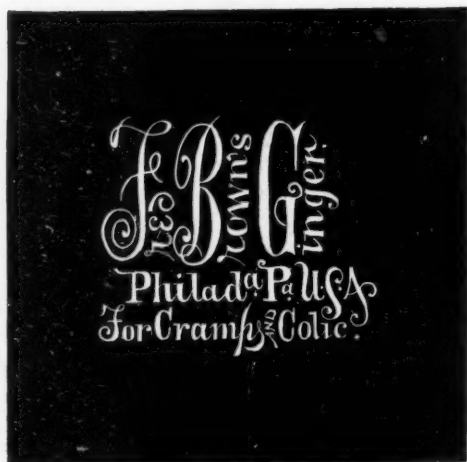
Prof. Waldo Claypole, of Boston, had his
arm broke, night before last, by the falling of
the centre-pole of the Metropolitan Hotel.

The ball at Judge Lawhead's was a right
lively affair, and bright the lamps shone over
fair women and brave men. The judge says he
hopes that Shorty Patterson's death will serve
as a warning to funny people who reckon they
can run his entertainments just as they blame
please.

Two of our most estimable young ladies are
laid up: Miss Cyclonia Ralley, with a lacerated
ear and sprained arm, and Miss Becky Bagley,
with a clawed face and mouth drawn out of
plumb. Miss Cyclonia still maintains that her
new Summer bonnet is the prettiest.

Some betrayer of innocence stole our panta-
loons last night, while we slept. Our friends
will greatly oblige if they will yell before com-
ing to the office. This will enable us to don the
buffalo robe, which is acting as a substitute for
our lost garments. Now is the time to subscribe.

Tom P. Morgan.



DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS

33 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

WHIST RULES and Directions for Play. With the "AMERICAN LEADS." Condensed from the BEST AUTHORITIES. By mail, for 6 cts. in stamps. THE WHIST CARD CO., P. O. Box 3303, Boston, Mass. Wholesale Agents, WINKLEY, DRESSER & CO., 12 Milk St.

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN 20 MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a **Wonderful Medicine**.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly **restore females** to complete health. For a

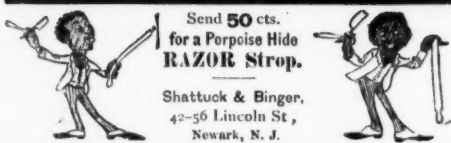
Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

they **ACT LIKE MAGIC**;—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost **Complexion**; bringing back the **keen edge of appetite**, and arousing with the **ROSEBUD OF HEALTH** the **whole physical energy** of the human frame. These are "Facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD**. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by **THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England**. Sold by Druggists generally. **B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York**, Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your druggist does not keep them.)

Will mail BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX.

Mention PUCK.



JOHN WILLARD writes from Danbury, Ind., Nov. 20.—"Duke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy growth on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was extremely smooth. Hundreds more."



DYKE'S Beard Elixir grows the heaviest beard and hair in 4 weeks. One Flg. in the work of 3. Guaranteed now, four times the growing strength of any remedy known. Price 25c. each. 4 for 90c. stamps, sealed. SMITH'S MFG. CO., Palatine, Ill.

Don't spoil your Feet with **CHEAP SHOES** Wear the **Burt & Packard "Korreet Shape"** ALL STYLES.

SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE," PUZZLE LITERATURE — AN HOUR GLASS.

1. A short lined quadrilateral figure with three sides. 2. A plant that grows in the botanical garden, the name of which just now escapes me. 3. A definition of a certain word. 4. Something somewhat different, but very much the same as the other. 5. The last word in the beginning of a sentence in the history of England. 6. A coined word, made to fit the place. 7. The last name of a friend of mine; you probably do not know him. 8. That which we do when we do not do it. Centrals—Something not relating to the life of Napoleon. Diagonals—That which refers indefinitely to almost any thing that may happen to suggest itself. That sounds like a mighty good puzzle. As I never wrote one before, I have no idea what the answer is. Indeed, I never was any sort of hand to solve puzzles, but I always read them, and I think I have caught the dialect. This one sounds like a "sollaker," and I'd give a cent to know what the answer is.

AT A VENTURE.

A medical journal asks: "When should people eat?" There is no physician in this part of Gilead, but as a layman who lives upon food and sustenance, we would suggest that meal time comes about as close to the stomach of the monster man as any hour of the day that occurs to us at present.

HARDER THAN FLINT.

Last week the State geologist received by express a peculiar stone, in general formation rather porous, but harder than any thing in the museum. It was cut open by a skillful lapidary and subjected to various tests, when it was discovered to be one of those sponge tips to a mucilage bottle, warranted to keep perfectly soft and moist, and always ready for use. They are handy things. When you can't get the mucilage to run through them—which is on the morning of the third day—you can use them to cut glass with.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Mothers best use Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle. 639

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EXPRESS SERVICE between New York, Southampton and Hamburg by the new twin-screw steamers of 10,000 tons and 12,500 horse-power. Fast Time to London and the Continent. Steamers unexcelled for safety, speed and comfort.

REGULAR SERVICE: Every Thursday from New York to Plymouth (London), Cherbourg (Paris) and Hamburg. Through tickets to London and Paris. Excellent fare. Rates extremely low. Apply to the

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R. J. Cortis, Manager.

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61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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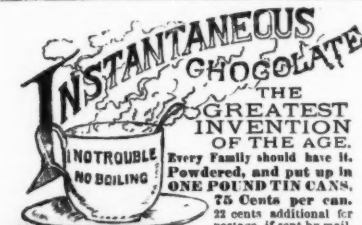


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LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,

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DEAF NESS and HEAD NOISES Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. Success-ful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. H. H. COX, 883 Broadway, cor. 14th Street, New York. Call or write for illustrated book of proofs FREE. Mention this paper.





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OF JANVRIN & WALTER, Proprietors, Albemarle Hotel, N. Y.
JOHN B. SCHLOSSER, Manager, late of Hotel Duquesne, Pittsburgh.

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Runk & Co.**

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Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

Justus von Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.

Sold by storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Ltd., London

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure food and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists,
London, England.

OTHER FOLKS' AFFAIRS.

Weel, hoo's a' wi' ye, neebour Broom?
I wish ye time o' day.
I've juist ca'd in, as I was doon
An errand at the brae.
I thocht I'd ask gin ye hae heard
The scandal at Mc Nair's,
But mind, I never speak a word
O' ither folks' affairs.

They tell me Bell's run off frae hame
Wi' that lang slink, Tam Ross.
My way o' thinkin', save the shame—
It is na muckle loss.
Deed, Bell was nae great shakes to keep,
For a' her gauds and flares.
Still, no ae word I'll ever cheep
O' ither folks' affairs.

What's yer opinion o' the trash?
I thocht I'd ca' an' speer.
"Ye've nane to gie?"—weel, dinna fash—
Ye aye were kind o' queer.
"Let ilk ane keep his ain door clean?"—
Bless me, ye're fu' o' airs;
Guid day, I dinna care a preen
For nane o' yer affairs.

Wm Lyle, in *Norristown Herald*.

LABOUCHERE declares that base-ball is an inferior game, and so it is—the way the English play it.—*Philadelphia Press*.

All danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of the genuine Angostura Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

**A HANDSOME DRESS SUIT
MADE TO ORDER FOR
\$20.00**

FROM A SPECIAL LOT OF HOCKANUM, GLOBE, FAIRFIELD, AND EXTRA FINE FOREIGN WORSTEDS, COMPRISING 200 STYLES. WE HAVE CLOSED OUT THE ENTIRE SPRING STOCK FROM THE WELL-KNOWN FIRM,

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THESE GOODS ARE THE VERY LATEST STYLES, AND WITHOUT EXCEPTION THE BEST GOODS MADE. YOUR SELECTION FOR SUIT TO ORDER, \$20.00; OR TROUSERS, \$5.00. ALSO A SPECIAL LOT OF ALL-SILK FANCY VESTINGS, INCLUDING SILK BACKS, MADE TO ORDER FOR

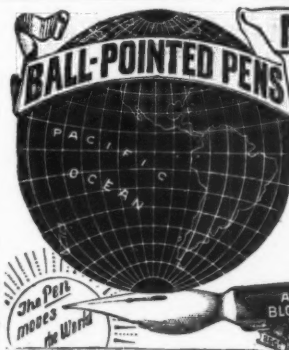
\$5.00,

COST ELSEWHERE FROM \$12.00 TO \$15.00.

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The "Federation" holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.

Price, 5, 15 and 20 cents.

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The Great English Complexion Soap

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Sir Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S.

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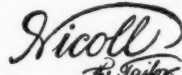
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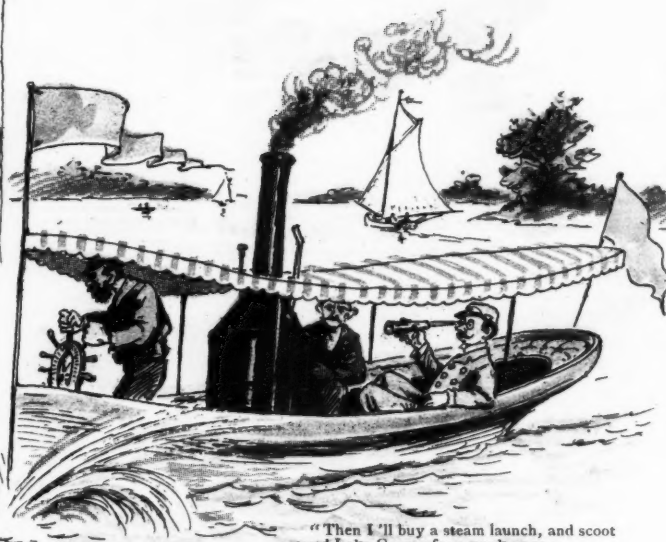
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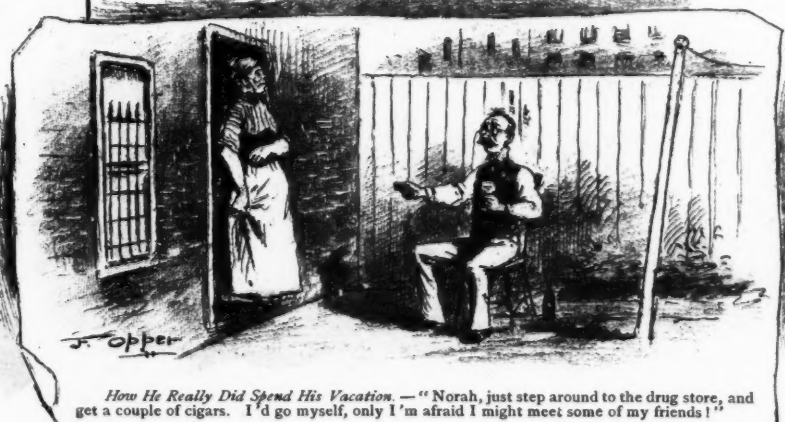


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